NEW BOOKS.

In the Day of the Fat Regent.

It will gladden the lover of the romantic habit of fiction when he comes, as he will so early on page 11 of Mr. Percy Brebner's story of "A Royal Ward" (Little, Brown and Company, Boston), to the young girl in idle mood "inclined to let her imagination run riot," surrounded by all the enviable circumvallation of Abbots Chase. Here under the misty moon and the influence of "the brooding spirit of the past" she sits and waits. Specifically her immediate environment is a "pleasant room rich in old china and furniture of Queen Anne's day."

But before this Lieut. Evertsen and his men have attacked the cloaked Frenchman who has landed on the English coast. The soldiers have seized hold of his cloak and have supposed that they have secured him. But the Frenchman has deftly unbuttoned his cloak, and the tugging soldiers, yielding to the effect of a sudden cessation of material opposition, have tumbled in rolling and somersaulting confusion to the ground, retaining the unimportant cloak, while the Frenchman himself has bounded away in the darkness.

We follow the quick succession of subsequent events. Said the lady who was leaning back in a great armchair in an idle mood and who was indeed no other than the royal ward herself—said she to the fugitive who presented himself panting within the confines of Abbots Chase: "Look at me." When they had looked at each other for a space she said to him that she considered him honest, and opening a panel at the side of the great fireplace she forthwith popped him in and locked him up.

We trust that we are not revealing too much when we say that Lieut. Evertsen when he arrived was unable to find the fugitive. The mercifully incarcerated Frenchman must meantime have been full of agreeable impressions. The lady to whom he was indebted was the beautiful Lady Betty Walmisley. She was tall and supple. Her movements were so dignified that other people in her presence were unable to help themselves from seeming unimportant. Her skin was fair. Her hair was brown. Her eyes were imperious, but capable of soft glances. She was indeed "destined to set hearts aflame and stir up envy." It seems almost too much to read of the glories of her ancestry. "More than one Walmisley had fought under Marlborough, and the Earl of that day fell honorably at Malplaquet, his face to the foe, his broken sword still in his hand." Plainly Victor Dubuisson, the fugitive Frenchman, had something abundantly interesting to think about behind his panel.

Victor in unstilted but still not unromantic phrase explains the interest attaching to his own personality. In answer to Betty's question as to whether his name is as secret as his doings appear to be he says: "Not to you, mademoiselle. I am Victor Dubuisson. It is a name not unknown in your country since England gave shelter to the Huguenots. Indeed I am not all a Frenchman. My father was in America when England lost her colonies there, and he married an American." We mention this to show that Victor as well as Betty had a right to review the circumstances of his descent.

From the beginning we cannot doubt the interest of Sir Rupert Ashton, who knew singularly the details of the smuggling business. Sir Rupert joined Victor when the panel that protected him had been unclosed, and it is while we are speculating as to the significance of the journey of the two to London that we come to the tavern of the Brazen Serpent in Covent Garden. So far as we know, Dr. Johnson, in order to bestow importance upon the Brazen Serpent, never deserted the Cheshire Cheese. We are not even sure that the Cheshire Cheese ever reverberated to the wisdom of the great lexicographer, but certainly he was neighbor to it and he may have enjoyed in his noisy way the beefsteak pie, which used to cost a half crown and included pigeons and truffles. The story frankly says that Dr. Johnson was in the habit of sticking to Fleet street and that the Brazen Serpent derived its history from others. Just the same, it speaks of Dr. Johnson, using him negatively, and it is not to be denied that he is interesting, however extraneous under an exact consideration he may be.

We may notice Sir Rupert Ashton at the last. He jumped with his horse over the cliff called the Smuggler's Leap. Man and horse—but we must not make revelation beyond the limitations of conscience and the permission of copyright. It is perhaps permissible to say that Betty and Victor were "quietly married in Brittany," and that Evertsen at Waterloo "died as a soldier should, with his face to the foe." Unquestionably an eventful and interesting story

A Good Australian Tale.

Mr. Walter George Henderson's story of "Norah Conough" (the Outing Publishing Company) relates interesting matters in Australia. Donald and Peter Southerden were brothers. Theresa Greentree, whose mother kept the public house, was in love with Donald, but he felt that he was worthy of a superior mate and he kept himself in hand. His fight with Nicholas the Rooshian, who was no Russian in fact, furnishes a stirring part of the story.

When Mary Mackinnon came into the scene it seemed reasonable to suppose that she was to be the mate for Peter. The more the pity, for herself as well as for him, that she married another man.

But Donald married Norah, and Theresa, it is agreeable to record, learned how desirable it was for her to be the wife of Nicholas the Rooshian. All came to be happy except Peter, and he was moderately happy, for he knew that Mary Mackinnon loved him though she married another.

The disappointment of Peter makes the story verisimilar. It is a good story.

Full Blooming Diantha.

Mrs. Philip Verrill Mighels's story of "The Full Glory of Diantha" (Forbes & Company, Chicago) is peculiar. Diantha took herself seriously, though we do not know why. She thought for some time that she would marry Caspar Rhodes, but at last she married Mr. Everton. She was devoted to Henry George's single tax. It is our opinion that Caspar was lucky to escape her, but quite as obviously she was lucky not to have fallen to him. To Everton belongs the sympathy. Not often do we come upon so remarkable a tale.

Two Texas Tales.

Two stories are contained in Hattie Donovan Bohannan's book "The Light of Stars" (R. F. Fenno & Company). Robert March is the chief character in the first of these. He was a Texas boy, very awkward. He was in love with Jammie Halliwell, a divorced woman, but she married Brother Traylor, the Baptist minister. Bobby's heart was broken. The story relates the facts of the case with a fulness of sentiment that is unusual. The second story is called "The Crossmans." Both tales are marked by a strong religious feeling.

Let Reality Be Extended.

Excellent description marks the first part of Ellen Glasgow's story of "The Romance of a Plain Man" (the Macmillan Company). The pleasure is great in reading. Every phrase and every word falls properly. Time and again interest is sharply stirred as incident follows incident.

But as the hero grows up he runs us into platitude. It is the sentimental platitude of the South. Doubtless we should cherish and love an atmosphere. And yet the desire comes to be powerful to have a change. Why should not so capable a writer as Ellen Glasgow project her imagination beyond the small limitations of her environment? She does it in places. What is to hinder her from doing it altogether? Let her defy the venerable and threadbare tradition. Let her make mincemeat of the solid South. Other realists might be moved to follow her example and to become more generously real.

Wonderful Marie.

Marie, the young creature celebrated in Mr. Hutchins Hapgood's story of "An Anarchist Woman" (Duffield & Company), may be thought to be rather surprising. We are obliged to wonder at her culture, which rather suddenly came to comprise a large acquaintance with the mad prophet Nietzsche and a habit of reading Swinburne in bed. It eases matters to admit the right of the author to invest Marie with his own particular intelligence and with the results of his own favorite reading. We find her a factory hand and a domestic servant to begin with and in a little while a finished, or perhaps better an unfinished, social philosopher.

In the ordinary view Marie must be held to be a tough girl. The details of her turpitude are quite frankly considered. It cannot be said that the narrative is salacious, but it is certainly plain. Unquestionably Marie, though the spirit operated in her, was predominantly given to service of the clay. We cannot see that the book makes anything out except the mad results of ridiculous madness. Perhaps it is intended to show the futility of the ideas with which it is concerned. It seems to take the fool philosophers rather seriously, and yet it is not likely that any reader will be dazzled by the experiences of Marie and Terry. As for Marie, it is wonderful to find her alive at the end of the tale. We cannot really believe that she had the physical persistence to survive.

As the Sowing, So the Reaping.

In Ada Woodruff Anderson's story of "The Strain of White" (Little, Brown and Company, Boston), which has its scene in the Puget Sound country at a comparatively early day, we read of Francesca, the beautiful half breed girl. The Commandant denied her, and with some reason, for he was married to a white lady and he had a white daughter; but he was Francesca's father. No reader will have much sympathy for Haworth, who played the violin and captivated the half breed maiden. If he had let the girl alone and had refrained from the violin he would have been well enough. Unhappily he took Francesca's "face between his palms, drew it down and kissed her." Unhappily he had a violin and played upon it.

In civilization there is no punishment for the musician, but Haworth was in a land of primitive justice. The Indians slew him. The Commandant tried to brazen out the wrong that he had done in his youth. He said, "I am not the man." But he was the man. He made acknowledgement. The story lets us know what the Indians of the Northwest thought of the "Bostons," as they called the early newcomers in their territory. It is a well told and interesting story.

The Soul of Alva's Lover.

There can be no question of what is suggested in the title of Anne Warner's story of "In a Mysterious Way" (Little, Brown and Company, Boston). The mystery of the tale is not to be doubted. Alas! that so sensitive a communicant should split the infinitive, as she does at page 22. "It will take me all your visit to properly answer all those questions, dear," says Alva at that point. We could not help noticing that Alva was mortally slow in relieving the curiosity of Lassie regarding the reason of Alva for taking a house in the country.

Alva hugged Lassie. She hugged her again. Repeatedly she assured her that the particular mystery in her case should be made clear as soon as the two should come to "a certain lovely, bright spot" in the natural world where the outlook was all that it should be. Perhaps the revelation of Alva's secret, which is made finally at page 66, is wonderful enough. Alva had prepared a house for her lover, who had met with an accident and who could not long survive.

Lassie was riven by a quite poignant anguish when she heard of the scheme. She cried: "Oh, I can't bear it at all. To me it is horrible! Why, he can never stand up again—he——" The story tells us that Lassie did not wait to finish. "She gave one low, bitter cry and wrung her hands. Then she ran down the steep little path that led to Ledgeville, leaving her friend on the hilltop, with the October sun pouring its splendor all about her."

The lover never did stand up again. He never came to the house prepared for him. He died, as the doctors had said he would and as was quite inevitable. We have the word of Alva upon this point. Alva says to Lassie: "He died last night, in the night, while I slept. He was unconscious when he died. He struggled first and suffered—while I was struggling and suffering, you remember—and then he grew still when I grew still, and then when I slept he slept and began to die, and while I still slept he died—that is, his body died."

Alva and her stricken lover were separated by many miles of space. Nevertheless Alva knew. Her voice "rang strangely, like a low toned bell chiming afar," as she told Lassie. Naturally the younger girl was greatly disturbed. "Lassie sank down upon the bed beside her, took the clasped hands into her own and burst into bitter tears, hiding her face in the four hands at once."

Not long after this Alva met Lisle Bayard on a bridge. He had been what we may call a hard case. Now he was changed. He said to Alva: "Who shall say what soul I bear? I never had a soul till yesterday. I have one now. Where did it come from, this new soul of mine? Perhaps from him. I've read stories like that."

It is probable, or at least not deniable, that the soul of Alva's dead lover had taken up its new habitation in the breast of Lisle Bayard. Alva gave him the key to the house that she had prepared. Snow began to fall. It fell thickly. It blotted Lisle Bayard from Alva's sight. Wherever his new soul came from it was his destiny to support it alone.

Goldwin Smith's Letters.

The letters, critical and inquiring, on various subjects and aspects of religion which Goldwin Smith published in THE SUN and reprinted with the title "No Refuge But in Truth" (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons) now appear in a second edition, to which the author has added an article from the *North American Review* on "The Religious Situation." Whether they move sympathy or dissent, Goldwin Smith's methods and opinions in these discussions cannot help stirring and stimulating the reader's mind. In them a great and ripe intelligence speaks on the eternal riddles of human destiny. Whatever may be thought of the answers, the aim of them is truth, and both the believer and the Pyrrhonist can agree in admiring that consummate English of which Goldwin Smith has had the secret for so many fruitful years.

Addresses, Chiefly on Naval Subjects.

Two addresses delivered before the Naval War College at Newport in his capacity as Assistant Secretary of the Navy and some seven discourses and tributes on patriotic and commemorative occasions make up the little volume which the Hon. Frank Warren Hackett entitles "Deck and Field" (W. H. Lowdermilk & Co., Washington).

In addressing the Naval War College Mr. Hackett's theme was the education of the American naval officer, which he was competent to treat both as a veteran of the service during the civil war and as an official in an intimate relation to the administration of the navy. The training offered by the War College he regards as indispensable to the commander, whose information and skill must be incalculably greater than were those required to shape the careers of sea fighters like John Paul Jones, Decatur and Farragut. The American naval officer to-day, says the author, "must harbor a comprehension of that miracle of human ingenuity beneath his feet, the modern battleship—her build, her motive power, her every capacity, her death dealing guns, her armor shield, her nicely adjusted mechanisms, the almost countless nerves trembling with life and meaning."

Of the miscellaneous addresses, that upon Farragut, delivered at the unveiling of a tablet in the Portsmouth Navy Yard, shows Mr. Hackett at his best. In good taste, terse, graphic, unpretentiously eloquent, and informed with the patriotic fervor that distinguishes all his remarks on similar occasions, it is a model of what a memorial appeal should be. The paper read before the Loyal Legion upon Lieutenant-Commander Flusser was a labor of love for the author, since he served with Flusser on the Miami when she was attacked by the Confederate ram Albemarle on the James River in April, 1864, and Commander Flusser was killed. One of the forgotten heroes of the war, Mr. Hackett does him justice with admirable restraint.

Books Received.

"The Old Time Parson." P. H. Ditchfield. (Imported by E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"The Awakening of Turkey." E. F. Knight. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"The Orchestral Instruments and What They Do." Daniel Gregory Mason. (Baker & Taylor Co.)

"The Moral Economy." Ralph Barton Perry. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"Pottery and Porcelain of the United States." Third edition, revised. Edwin Atlee Barber. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Columbia River." William Denison Lyman. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Story of Oil." Walter Sheldon Tower. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"Six Masters in Disillusion." Algar Thoroid. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Life and Times of John Hus." The Count Lützow. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"The Whirl: A Romance of Washington Society." Foxcroft Davis. (Dood, Mead and Company.)

"How to Cook Vegetables." Olive Green. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Ad Miriam." Poems. Frederick Howe Law. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Mayflowers to Mistletoe: a Year With the Flower Folk." Poems regarding flowers. Sarah J. Day. Second edition. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Biography of a New York Hotel Scrub." Ada Blom. (Ada Blom, 303 East Seventy-first street.)

"Abraham Lincoln: the Greatest American." Janet Jennings. (Cantwell Printing Company, Madison, Wis.)

"'Neath Austral Skies." Louis Becke. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

"Old Friends: Being Literary Recollections of Other Days." William Winter. (Moffat, Yard and Company.)

"The Wretches of Povertyville: a Sociological Study of the Bowery." I. L. Nascher. (Jos. Lanzit, Chicago.)

"Lola Montez: an Adventuress of the '40s." Edmund B. L'Auvergne. (John Lane Company.)

"1909-1910: the Japan Society of New York." (De Vinne Press.)

"Auction Bridge and How to Play It." Captain Browning. (London: George Routledge & Sons; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Life and Love and Peace." Bolton Hall. (Arcadia Press.)

"The Claims of French Poetry." John C. Bailey. (Mitchell Kennerley.)

"The Sphinx and the Mummy: a Book of Limericks." Carol Vox. (H. M. Caldwell Co.)

"Riding Recollections." Whyte-Melville. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

"The Seven Stages of Golf and Other Golf Stories in Picture and Verse." Harold Simpson. Pictures by G. E. Shepheard. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.)

"How to Become a Law Stenographer." W. L. Mason. (Isaac Pitman and Sons.)

"A Woman for Mayor." Helen M. Winslow. (The Reilly & Britton Co., Chicago.)

"The Small Yacht: Its Management and Handling for Racing and Sailing, with Chapters on Its Construction." Edwin A. Boardman. (Little, Brown and Company, Boston.)

"The Balance of Nature: a Practical Manual of Animal Foes and Friends." George Abbey. (London: George Routledge & Sons; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"A History of Art." Dr. G. Garotti. Translated by Beryl de Zoete. Vol. II., Part I. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

"Medicine and Surgery in the Orient: Early Days of the American Surgical Association." J. Ewing Mears. (Philadelphia.)

"An Historical Introduction to the Marprelate Tracts: a Chapter in the Evolution of Religious and Civil Liberty in England." William Pierce. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"The Show Girl." Max Pemberton. (The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia.)

"Tempered Steel." Herbert S. Mallory. (R. F. Fenno & Company.)

"New York Yacht Club, 1909." Report. (Knickerbocker Press.)

"Sixty Years in the Wilderness: Some Passages by the Way." Henry W. Lucy. (E. P. Dutton & Company.)

"Dyke's Corners." E. Clarence Oakley. (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)

"Easy Money." Bertram Atkey. (Dana Estes & Company, Boston.)

"Wild Pastures." Winthrop Packard. (Small, Maynard and Company, Boston.)

"The Quirt and the Spur: Vanishing Shadows of the Texas Frontier." (W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago.)

SUING MRS. DICKINSON.

Publishing Firm Says She Agreed to Pay $7,500 for a Set of Books.

Mrs. Mary Low Dickinson of 230 Central Park South, honorary president of the National Council of Women of the United States and a well known writer, has been sued by the assignee of a Boston publishing concern for $7,500 which the plaintiff alleges is due it on a contract for the purchase of a set of books.

The action is brought by May L. Blake, to whom the Boston concern, the Frederick J. Quinby Company, assigned its account. The plaintiff alleges that Mrs. Dickinson, on November 21, 1904, contracted to purchase from the Quinby company a set of the works of Paul de Kock in fifty volumes for $7,500, and that the company was ready to deliver them on December 1 of that year, but that Mrs. Dickinson refused to take them.

In her answer Mrs. Dickinson admits having signed a contract for the books, but alleges that the firm represented to her that it only wished to sell her the books for the use of her name and that it would resell them for her at a good profit before delivery. Mrs. Dickinson signed notes for the amount of the claim, but has not paid these notes. The matter was put to her, she says, as an investment, and she signed the contract with that understanding and not because of any desire to possess the books in question. The answer also alleges that the Quinby company has never been and is not now in a position to deliver the books.

The book concern obtained a judgment against Mrs. Dickinson by default last March while she was out of the city. On her return her attorney, Melvin H. Dalberg of 17 West Forty-second street, procured the setting aside of the judgment by Justice Guy in Special Term, Part I., and a new trial was ordered. The judgment was for upward of $10,000, including costs.

Mrs. Dickinson is now 60 years old. Her husband was John B. Dickinson, the railroad man. Isaac W. Goodhue of 41 Wall street represents the assignee of the publishing house.

LUCK'S BAD LUCK

If He Has Arranged to Start a Barroom Partly on City Property.

Over fifty adjacent property owners are fighting to have the State license obtained by John Luck to open a barroom in the building at Church avenue and East Eighteenth street, Flatbush, revoked, and they had a hearing yesterday before Justice Kelly in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn.

They made the novel contention that the city owns four feet of the front of the building which it acquired some time ago in the condemnation proceedings for the widening of Church avenue and as the city is owner of part of the property it cannot be used as a place for the sale of liquor.

Counsel for Luck explained that the place would be so arranged as not to encroach on the four feet in the front.

Justice Kelly directed that briefs and affidavits be submitted.

Cherry Blossoms on a Rose Bush.

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J., June 18.—A climbing rose vine on the property of G. H. Stiefel at Fairview and Gardner avenues is bearing cherry blossoms. The rose vines are clinging to the branches of a cherry tree. The blossoms that have matured have left knobs that look as if they might turn out to be somewhat like cherries.

THUNDER WATER STRANDED.

The Chippewa Indian Chief Goes Broke Again in Schenectady.

SCHENECTADY, June 18.—Chief Thunder Water, a full blooded Chippewa Indian, is stranded in this city and is seeking means whereby he can make his way to his home in the Indian Territory.

The story of how the big chief left his home with a number of his tribesmen and several of their squaws has been told at length in THE SUN. The manager of a Wild West show induced them to leave the reservation and travel with the show. Two months ago they stranded in a small town near Boston. The squaws were sent back home, but the braves had to shift for themselves and find their way back as best they could.

Thunder Water finally reached New York city, where he met friends, got work and accumulated enough money to pay his fare back to Indian Territory. By this time he had separated from the other members of his band. In his travels about the big city he ran across one of the younger braves, Louis Pierce, known among the Chippewas as Big Bear, had been without food for two days, and Thunder Water took pity on him, gave him all he had and sent him on his way to the reservation.

The chief was again stranded because of his generosity and he sought work at Coney Island and other amusement places, but could procure none. Then he started to make his way West and finally landed here Wednesday night. Kind hearted persons gave him a place to sleep at 27 State street, and he has been able to gather enough money to buy two meals since he came here. The chief is intelligent. He speaks good English and is famous in his tribe as a wise chief. Some persons connected with the Emmanuel Baptist Church have promised to help him on his way.